

PLAY FAIR
PROFESSOR

William Russell Owen

Play Fair Professor /
268 Ow2p



84771

Owen, William Russell.
Williams Baptist Coll Library

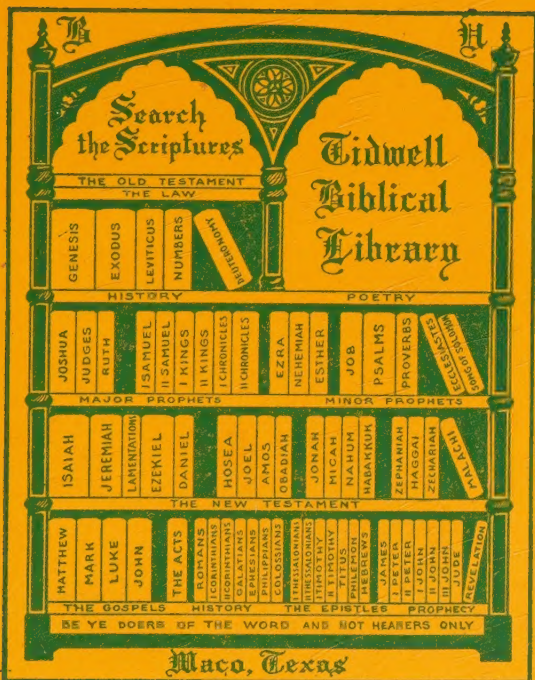
BORROWED BOOKS NEVER RETURN THEMSELVES

This Book belongs in the Library of
REV. M. T. ANDREWS

If it is borrowed by a friend, right welcome shall he be,
To read and study, **Not to Lend**, but to return to me;
Not that I grudge to spread abroad my stock of learning's store
But books I find, if once **Re-lent**, return to me no more

No. 95 Series Misc. Price

"THE WICKED BORROWETH AND PAYETH NOT"



BOOK NUMBER

4951

SOURCE

M. T. Andrews

PLAY FAIR PROFESSOR



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2024

PLAY FAIR PROFESSOR

By WILLIAM RUSSELL OWEN

Author of "The Song at Sunrise" and
"The Wise Man's Camel"



NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE
SUNDAY SCHOOL BOARD
OF THE
SOUTHERN BAPTIST CONVENTION

Copyright 1925,
Sunday School Board
Southern Baptist Convention
Nashville, Tenn.

Baylor U-

9

2-17-50

Printed in the United States of America.

SOUTHERN BAPTIST COLLEGE
WALNUT RIDGE, ARK., U.S.A.

P1070

DEDICATION

To the Youth of this generation—
The best of all generations:
With whom I walk along the
Trails of the New Day, as an Elder Brother.

PREFACE

It has been said by George Bernard Shaw:

“If he can, he does;
If he can’t, he teaches.”

This is another bit of witty and unwarranted cynicism by that brilliant writer, but he does open the field for a fresh survey. We are at another issue! It is not so much the issue of truth and error or of the old faith and the new learning or of foggy and progressive, as it is the issue of instructors—teachers, capable and princely; and instructors—teachers, failures and irreverent.

The offense of the schools against the faith of the fathers in vast majority rises out of irreverent and disordered instruction from some freak, over-balanced in special branches. I remember very distinctly an incident of the classroom in my student days, when a young fellow ventured to quote another authority as to a

fact of history which differed from the view of our teacher, and with indignation the professor spoke sharply, "You, sir, have no right to contradict your professor." I was young enough then to rejoice in the peremptory rebuke, and it has taken me a long time under the inspiration of this marvelous generation of young people to venture the query:

"WHY NOT?"

Why has not a doctor of Philosophy from Heidelberg, as this student became in a few weeks, why has not any student the same freedom to demand truth and reject error as has the cornered professor to insist that his pupils accept all he says? For academic freedom must ever include the freshman's freedom. Four years ago—twenty years ago—they were all freshmen!

Students who believe in their parents' Bible, and the Christ of their experience, and the integrity of life, are coming trooping to be taught in the schools. All they ask, pray for, demand, is:

Play fair, Professor!

CONTENTS

- I. Keeping on the Track.
(*Page Thirteen*)
- II. Science Seeking the Light.
(*Page Twenty-three*)
- III. The Best Book Yet.
(*Page Forty-three*)
- IV. The Cannon and the Cross.
(*Page Sixty-one*)
- V. Making Mutton Heads.
(*Page Eighty-one*)

KEEPING ON THE TRACK

I

KEEPING ON THE TRACK

"I am the track."—JESUS.

Play Fair, Professor!

Tell Me, What Is the Big Idea?

The most usable idea the human race has yet fallen upon is the idea of God—that is the Big Idea. All the rest are the side tracks. If you should speak slowly to yourself five words—God, home, money, sin, love—you would soon discover that your entire supply of ideas runs out when you have thought these ideas through and through.

I left my home twenty-five years ago to go to college, not to keep on the track, but to learn all I could about the Big Idea in life—I chose to be a student. I left my home to cross the waters of my home city's harbor and my mother challenged me the true quest of scholarship when she waved me good-bye and

[13]

LIBRARY
SOUTHERN BAPTIST COLLEGE
WALNUT RIDGE, ARK.
P1070

said, "Learn all you can and do your best." I have always sought the truth.

My boyhood's Elizabeth that early morning was leaping in the wind-swept waves about the little skiff, which was rowed by a portly negro oarsman of gentle face. He and I were in the boat alone; and he was out of my thoughts when I made a dedication to the intellectual quest of the one Big Idea in the universe. The salt-flecked water cut into my face and sprayed against the low gunwales of the boat in the trough of the troubled waters when I first sailed on my quest of seeking God as a student for these twenty-five years, to see if it were all true.

Well, I have found that it is true. God is the Big Idea, and a man gets on or off the track as he gets right or wrong on God.

DODGING HELL FIRE

A healthy mind will not climb up the mount of learning with a crutch. A good, wholesome intellectual process will seek the summits of knowledge alone. I pretty soon learned that my professors in college did not have a corner

on all the thinking of the universe. My mind was alert enough to find they were sluggish at times. In fact, I really had the best enjoyment of my student days at night after I had learned my lessons for the next day's classes and enjoyed the habit of strolling on the campus to look up the Big Idea for myself—and I discovered that a little private thinking, independent of my learned professors' academic thinking, was a good antidote to dull textbooks—and I kept on keeping on the track.

I looked through the university telescope one night—and a big sector of the heavens' vast was black and blank to my own naked eye, but through the lenses I scanned the field of Gamma Delphinus and found it spangled with twenty-five hundred worlds, each bigger than the sun at midday. Those nights were worth more to me than six months in Analytical Geometry, so far as an idea was concerned.

In Italy at twenty-five I dodged hell fire. I was in the crater of Vesuvius. It was hell fire, all right. I was solemnly awed into the belief of the certainty of the oldest doctrine of the preacher "that the soul that sinneth it must

die." The lava was steaming and boiling and sometimes jetting up into a violent geyser bursting over my head—sulphur and hot breaths from the heaving earth actually snatched me back on the track—the dodging of the blast of fire—hell fire—on the top of Mount Vesuvius was to me proof number one of the Big Idea—it was certainly God. Hell fire was true. I had seen it.

SCRATCHING IN THE ASHHEAPS OF CIVILIZATION

History has built a great library of books for a student seeking the truth about everything; they are on clay tablets, and obelisks, and papyri and the printed page. And when some big event happens the rumors that told all about it on that day were in ratio of ninety-nine to one in value compared to the written account; but as the years of history recede, the clay tablet and the printed record increased in value to ninety-nine and current stories from mouth to mouth dwindled to one.

I have just returned from a trip to some of the most famous scrapheaps of all the ages.

There is a lone obelisk now standing where Moses once attended the University of Heliopolis; and I saw vases and chairs, gold and pearl inlaid, from King Tutankahmen's tomb; and I looked actually on the dried, hard faces of grandfather and father and son of the Pharaohs who set their wills against the Big Idea—and the ancient realm of these royalties is a wilderness and ruin and haunt, but the Arabs who live now in Egypt are named by the ten thousands after Moses the meek, who absorbed his soul all the time in the great central plan of God—the Big Idea.

The city of Megiddo was on my right hand when I stood in the center of the plain of Esdraelon. Handsome jewels had been dug out of its ruins, first built before the Hebrews came into Canaan under Joshua, and the same Jewish people chosen by God were tilling the soil with modern farm tractors on the same track that Abraham traveled in the dawning days from Chaldea to Canaan.

Phidias put his genius into the Parthenon and the Venetians and the Turks blew it with gunpowder into the rhythm of a marble ruin; but just a few hundred feet away yonder from

the Parthenon is the hill where Paul, the Christian, argued about the main issue of it all—the Areopagus stands surrounded by the guarding armies of Everlasting Security—unchanged—the same—the unknown Big Idea to the Greeks.

And William the Second swings his ax in the forest of Doorn, a lone exile. The broken earth from Dixmude to Sedan is an ashheap, but the faith of Luther keeps the Teutonic mind on the main track and the axeman's withered arm swings along his shining blade—having learned at last not to say with assurance, "Me and God," but to cry contritely and desperately, "God." Europe is argument number two for the main Idea.

THE WRECK AT THE CROSSROADS

The world had grown dull over its textbooks on civilization ten years ago and woke up one August morning to find itself asleep over its theories of peace. The last World War was really a skidding mania—running wild—that collided with a somnolent civilization that was easing along on the main track—and the war was a wreck at the crossroads.

It looked at one time as though the Big Idea had slipped out of men's minds.

"Where is your God?" the panic-struck slaves of gun and gas were shouting.

"Can't the Big Idea function now and right the train wreck?"

Well, it was frightful; the track itself was almost rooted up in the screaming fury of the shells of war. Ludendorf laughed outright at the pious fraud that faith could save the foundations of civilization. In five years the walls of the main track were all in ruins parallel to the Hindenburg line.

But the Big Idea prevailed. The unquenchable faith of man in God won the war. Men of unconquerable spirit—my friends and companions—discovered that the soul could not be injured in the face of a hailstorm of machine bullets and, lo, the soldiers who won the war became crusaders to find the Big Idea to be the only Idea—and they set the ruin and wrecked world on the main track again. And these fighters in their highest moments were ushered into intimate audience with God while under the terrible fire of barrage and battle, *and ten million crosses*, emblems that make

visible the triumph of the Big Idea over the wreck at the crossroads—these crosses are proof number three, and final, up-to-the-minute proof to me that the Big Idea is still the only usable idea man has yet discovered.

“I am the track,” said Jesus. And the debris at the crossroads is almost cleaned up.

Civilization is on the track again—full steam ahead!

ANALYSIS

The author has stated in the current style of youth the profound arguments about the existence of God.

1. God's existence is proven from the majesty of nature.
2. God's existence is proven from the purposes of history.
3. God's existence is proven from the experience of the race.

QUESTIONS

1. Give the three subdivisions of the chapter “Keeping on the Track.”
2. Give three illustrations showing each of the arguments for the existence of God.
3. What does the author say won the war?
4. What makes visible the triumph of God's forces in the war?

SCIENCE SEEKING THE LIGHT

II

SCIENCE SEEKING THE LIGHT

Science seeks to prove the truth, while religion believes where you cannot prove. If science finds any fact to be the truth, then it agrees with true religion, and true religion is ever in agreement with any fact whatsoever which science proves to be true; that has been the quest, as a student, which I have made for twenty-five years, and I have never feared science. I have always welcomed true science, and I have reveled in the glory which comes from the faith in my religion.

"Religion begins," said Steinmetz, "where science leaves off." How true has the fearless, reverent student always found this to be. Huxley, a free-thinking man of science, has a true sentence: "Those who refuse to go beyond fact rarely get as far as fact." What both of these men of science really meant is

this. There is a part of man which involves his soul, which remains forever unsatisfied until it believes in something unseen, until it hears something unspoken, and has faith in a Person, unprovable, undiscoverable, unknown, save to the simple faith of man's unconquerable soul.

SCIENCE WITH A LANTERN IN THE DARK

Griffith Thomas said to me a few weeks before his death recently, "No undisputed thinker of the first grade has ever been an atheist. And when Professor Einstein wanted his contemporaries of science to name the greatest scientists of all time, their selections were Sir Isaac Newton, Michael Faraday and J. Clerk Maxwell, all of whom were devoted disciples of Jesus Christ." Scientists in the main have ever reverently sought the true light. In 1921 a questionnaire was sent by the *Truth Seeker*, an avowedly atheistic paper, to all the men whose names appear in *American Men of Science*, and they issued a statement based on the 1,100 replies. But it is true that the best organs of science in the United States

advised thorough-going scientists not to make reply. So there are unbelievers in science and believers in science. They divide along the clear line of grades. The first order of thinking men accept the one Big Idea as the true idea, and the gradations vanish into untrustworthy scientists. Of course, all first grade men of science do not accept orthodox religion, but they are unanimous in their acceptance of the Main Idea, the First Cause, the Great Unknown, whom the simple people and the great ever have called God—Jehovah.

INFIDELITY ALWAYS ARISTOCRATIC

Edgar Allen Poe introduced into literature the weird and fantastic in respect to rhyme, as in *The Raven*, and also in his gruesome stories of mystery. But the brilliance and beliefs of Poe will continue to wane before the charm and the music and the faith of Lanier. It is constantly true that the genius who strives to the singular intellectual heights of the superman finds the field of heresy both engaging and well supported by the mass of semi-intellectuals, who having read a four-year course

of any branch of learning, are led treacherously into the easy path of Robespierre's famous conclusion that "atheism was an aristocratic belief."

Austin A. Phelps, writing in *The Independent* nearly fifty years ago, described the history of infidelity accurately. He said, "Infidelity of every variety, sooner or later, contracts itself within the circle of a few minds. The masses of men never permanently embrace it. It has been beaten so many times; in so many varieties, with such accumulations of disadvantage on the side of faith; popular opinion has so often spurned it; respectable opinion has so often become ashamed of it, that now we have settled upon this as one of the axioms of Christian policy, that infidelity cannot become the permanent belief of any people. The mania of suicide lurks in its blood. Sooner or later a secret power in the popular instinct will creep around it in a circle of fire, and it will act the scorpion in the fable. This we believe simply because the history of unbelief is a succession of deaths. It is always braying in some new form, and it is always gasping in some old form."

Independent and newly-acquired learning is responsible for much thinking that is not only not thorough-going but undigested. The man who is blessed with five generations of religious ancestry as was Ralph Waldo Emerson may think independently and in unorthodox terms, but always *reverently* will he come to his conclusions. The one Big Idea never wavers for an instant to first-class thinkers, though they may differ with the established believers of their own times. Christianity welcomes any new understanding of Jesus. Maybe the Chinese people some day will interpret to us of the more material America the oriental mind of Jesus Christ in his sublime mysticism. But reverent scholarship and learning has always established Christianity more firmly, and that of the simple scriptural variety, as the final truth about the Big Idea. Immanuel Kant, great philosopher that he was, stood with his philosophy outside of Christianity. But says Kurtz: "Kant demonstrated the impossibility of knowledge of supersensuous things by means of pure reason, but acknowledged the ideas of God, freedom and immortality."

Unbelief is often the loose thinking of the callow and jejune student raw from the strain of centuries of reverent ancestry. Infidelity was rampant in the early days of the American Republic: witness the free-thinking Franklin and liberal Jefferson, but the thunders of Whitefield and Wesley revolutionized completely the faith of the people and gave to our colonies the established beliefs of the Pilgrim Fathers and the Virginia Cavaliers and the Carolina Huguenots and the Pennsylvania Quakers. The common citizenry of reverent ancestry had rescued the establishment of the Republic and structured it upon the sturdy faith of the rugged first century disciples. Bishop Meade said in his *Old Churches and Families of Virginia*: "Scarcely any young man of any literary culture believed in Christianity." Chancellor Kent, about the same time—1810—bemoaned the fact that "there were very few professional men that were not infidels." When President Dwight assumed the leadership of Yale University there were only four or five students who were members of any church. They had assumed to themselves such names as Voltaire, Rousseau, Diderot, et

cetera, and "the mighty faith of Dwight was taxed to its utmost," his biographer says, "but he triumphed." Aaron Burr and Jonathan Edwards are buried in nearby plots at Princeton. I have been to both of their graves. A contemporary admirer of Burr said, in speaking of the infidelity current at this period in Princeton among the students, "Christianity has two more generations to endure." But the resistless logic of Jonathan Edwards about "The Sinners in the Hand of an Angry God" immortalized Edwards as in many respects the most powerful mind that has ever graced the American annals of the great, and opened for him the doors of the Hall of Fame—and Aaron Burr, feeble in faith, failed of fame.

Deep in the heart of every wave
There dwells the urge of boundless tides;
So in the breast of king and slave
The deathless gleam of God abides.

Dr. Timothy Dwight's description of this period (1745) will remind us of many things we see and hear in our days:

"Striplings, scarcely fledged, suddenly found that the world had been involved in

general darkness through the long succession of preceding ages, and that the light of wisdom had just begun to dawn upon the human race. All the science, all the information, that had been acquired before the last thirty or forty years stood in their view for nothing. Experience they boldly proclaimed a plodding instructress, who taught in manners, morals and government nothing but Abecedarian lessons, fitted only for children.

“Religion they discovered, on the one hand, to be a vision of dotards and nurses, and on the other a system of fraud and trick, imposed by priestcraft, for base purposes, upon the ignorant multitude. Revelation was found to be without authority or evidence, and moral obligations a cobweb which might entangle flies, but by which creatures of stronger wing nobly disdain to be confined. The world, they concluded to have been probably eternal, and matter the only existence. Man, they determined, sprang like a mushroom, out of the earth by a chemical process; and the power of thinking and choice and motivity were merely the result of elective affinity. From France,

Germany and Great Britain the dregs of infidelity were vomited upon us.”

THE NEW LEARNING AND THE OLD FAITH

My earliest memory of Charles Darwin's name and his theory of man's descent was thirty years ago, at a church festival, when a monkey dangling from a string was ridiculed as man's ancestor, and the topic of evolution was then a matter of great controversy. It appeared as a theory in 1859. I determined as a student to find out what the theory of evolution was, and whether it was true, and to adopt it as truth if it could be proven. Of course, it is still an interesting theory and is still unproven. And, after twenty-five years of a student's effort to learn, I find that the old faith in my boyhood's God is the same faith in the light of the new learning. The new learning has not discovered anything new about the soul nor has it proven anything. It starts where faith starts and ends where faith ends—at the central truth of the beginning, God—the Main Idea.

Evolution in its simplest meaning is, “A development of all forms of life from simplicity

to complexity, with God the Beginning." But the technical theory of evolution accepted by many scientists as an established doctrine of the universe is defined by Le Conte as "continuous progressive change, according to fixed laws and by resident forces."

Now the Bible is in agreement with the first theory, for in Genesis there are progressive steps of creation and development (1) "Heavens and the earth," (2) fish, (3) moving things, (4) cattle, (5) man. The reverent student of the Bible says, "God created man in his own image, and all animal life has similar physical structure in one form or another, but each animal kind, fish, tadpole, cattle, man, was the result of supernatural creation, and the laws governing the universe are fixed and controlled by the Creator." "Each after its kind," says the Bible, and a contemporary scholar comments, "When kind is crossed with another kind, you always get a mule." The development of every child is a process from the germ to the living infant. So is the life of a chick from the egg. The new learning stops explaining life just where the old faith started

explaining. The new learning does not explain anything back of origins.

Immanuel Kant said, "Give me matter only and I cannot explain even the formation of a caterpillar."

Charles Darwin did not even attempt to offer an explanation of beginnings.

Huxley said, "Of the causes of the origin of living matter—we know absolutely nothing."

Herbert Spencer said the First Cause was unknowable and so the foremost protagonists of the theory of evolution to-day offer it merely as a process to maturity.

The new learning finds it cannot get along without believing what it cannot prove, and that is the first song of the Old Faith, "I believe in God the Father, Maker of Heaven and Earth." The new learning seeks to believe there is a resident force in nature working out the whole; the old faith believes the resident force to be the laws of the universe under the control and the guidance of God, and his Son, Jesus Christ. "To us there is but one God, the Father, of whom are all things; and one Lord, Jesus Christ, by whom are all things, and we by him." (1 Cor. 8: 6.) "All things were

made by him." The Big Idea is the New Idea, and the New Idea is the same as the Old, when we recognize God as the originator and supervisor of all forces.

•

THE MASTER'S DEGREE AND THE MASTER'S DECREE

In five years you may learn the science of Lord Kelvin, the researches of Darwin, the relativities of Einstein, and get a Master's Degree, and know then only enough to take you back to the Master's decree, "Ye must be born from above," and there you have discovered the origin of first things physical, and all things spiritual. I ask my teachers now, "What is the Big Idea? The little systems will not quench my thirst for the fountain of truth." Lord Kelvin, "a man of prayer, a devout disciple of Christ, refused to be saddled by the physical elements and ridden to a spiritual boneyard."

John George Romanes won a prize at Oxford for an essay on prayer. He was an enthusiastic biologist, and was convinced of the truth of Darwinian evolution and gave up

Christianity. After years of unbelief he once learned that a Congregational Christian missionary in Japan named Gulick had made some remarkable investigations of a rare shell fish which had captivated the biological world, and Romanes himself wrote to the missionary asking how he reconciled his Christian faith with scientific views, and Dr. Gulick replied, "I can do both because I apply the same principles of investigation and experiment to both. You know how I must have proceeded in the scientific field. I have done the same in the moral field; though the field is different, truth must be reached by the same methods. I look about and I see certain tendencies and effects underlying and forming human life. These must be accounted for, these tendencies and effects are moral. I must look for moral and religious causes sufficient to produce them, and I find, invariably, the best and highest result from Christianity. May I urge you, my dear sir, to try and test and experiment for yourself." Romanes soon was on the track again, and died with joy and faith in Christ. In his very last book he reverently said, "Science is moving with all force of a tidal

wave toward faith in Jesus Christ as the world's Saviour."

Kepler, looking out to the heavens, said: "I am thinking the thoughts of God. I am overawed with the sense of his majesty. In the firmament God is passing before me in the grandeur of his Way."

"There's heaven above, and night by night
I look right through its gorgeous roof;
No suns nor moons though e'er so bright
Avail to stop me; splendor-proof
I keep the brood of stars aloof;
For I intend to get to God.

For 'tis to God I sped so fast,
For in God's breast, my own abode,
Those shoals of dazzling glory passed,
I lay my spirit down at last.
I lie where I have always lain,
God smiles as he has always smiled;
Ere suns and moons could wax and wane,
Ere stars were thundergirt, or piled
The heavens, God thought on me his child."

(Johannes Agricola in *Meditation*.)

These excerpts from the life of Dr. Howard A. Kelly appear in a current magazine:

)

“Doctor Kelly, one of the most famous surgeons in America, is also an authority on radium and a widely known naturalist. He is a member of scientific organizations in several countries, and author of many medical books.

“Doctor Kelly, who is now consulting gynecologist at Johns Hopkins Hospital, was born in Camden, New Jersey, sixty-six years ago. For more than thirty years he was a teacher at the University of Pennsylvania, his Alma Mater. Doctor Kelly’s home and his private sanitarium are in Baltimore.

“For more than twenty-five years Doctor Kelly has spent from one to four hours a day studying the Bible, usually in the original Greek text. He has read numerous books on Christianity and the various interpretations of the Bible, weighing their contents as a chemist balances his scales. And, not resting on the conclusions of mere reason, he has put the teachings of the Bible to definite trial in his life, making what might be called a laboratory test of Christianity. ‘The Bible,’ says Doctor Kelly, ‘*does work*, and it does just what it promises to do—transforms life. I have never met a man who really knew the Bible and rejected it. The difficulty has always been an unwillingness to give it an honest trial.

“‘I realized, however, from God’s living Word and from experience, that Christianity was pre-eminently adapted to our human needs, and that it was a workable proposition. So I made a definite resolve to incorporate it into my own daily life and to show the world its practicability!’

“‘When I took up medicine and surgery as a life calling, I also resolved, by God’s grace, to attain as high a place in my profession as in me lay, and to hold it as long as possible, that men might not say that being a Christian interfered with the due meeting of all life’s obligations.

“‘To a Christian the goal of all material success must ever be the faithful performance of duty. In a very real sense, however, there need be no goal of earthly attainment, except this: “Moreover, this is required of stewards, that a man be found faithful.”’

“‘‘Mere scoffing at the Bible,’ Doctor Kelly continued, ‘has never disturbed me in the least. Scoffing is invariably the child of ignorance, and blindness to obvious facts. I was disturbed more by the critical attitude of sundry learned men with large reputations, often my professional colleagues, than I was by any scoffing. But this critical attitude, too, has

always been due to ignorance of the Bible's teachings.

" 'I have never in my whole life met a man who really knew the Bible and rejected it. The difficulty has always been an unwillingness to give it an honest trial. As our Lord himself says, "Ye will not come unto me, that you may have life".' "

ANALYSIS

The author shows that science and religion are handmaidens, seeking the light of truth.

The tendency to religious doubt has been the same in all the history of education and youth.

The new learning and the faith of our fathers agree in the main issues.

QUESTIONS

1. Give the four subdivisions of the chapter, "Science Seeking the Light."
2. Who are chosen as the three greatest men of science? What is said of them?
3. Wherein do scientists and religious teachers agree as to origins?
4. Give a brief sketch of Gulick and Romanes' experience. Give a short sketch of Dr. Howard Kelly's faith.

THE BEST BOOK YET

III

THE BEST BOOK YET

The Bible is the book of the Big Idea.

Its friends believe it is the revealed mind of Jehovah.

Its enemies believe it is the most wonderful book ever printed, and they say so.

It is still the biggest seller—thirty million last year.

It is the book of the highest theme—man's religion.

It has been under fire—from outside and from the inside—by reverent and irreverent students, through the centuries and it stands to-day — up-to-the-minute — unimpeached — unassailable — irrefragable — undiscredited —the impregnable Word of the living God.

The Bible need not have a pleader to come into court and defend it. It needs not defenders, but honorable readers—who become im-

mediately its best interpreters. The best way to meet denials is to affirm. The Bible unchangingly affirms the truth of the Big Idea.

INTELLECTUAL PASSWORDS

I have found, as a student for a quarter century, that nobody can compel me to believe the Bible, but I refuse to swallow the lame, hobbling passwords that are handed out by the Lilliputian Fraternity that the Bible is a book of myths and moths. They don't get me to believe that oxygen can be turned into a flame from a test tube of water until I turn on the electric current and light the flame. Then I conclude that the rest is hydrogen. I say to them: "Let me try out your password before I write them down Q.E.D. in my mental notebook."

Nobody ever asked me to believe the Bible until I had read it. Think of deciding that Bacon wrote Shakespeare's plays—never having read either Bacon or Shakespeare.

I asked a doctor of medicine, "What do you think of Jesus?" "Well," he answered, "I have been too busy since I left Hopkins to give

that question any attention.” Then I said to him, “You are intellectually dishonest. You have just said that the big game of life is played with Jesus Christ, the chiefest figure, and you will not read a Gospel of John which I present you, to find out the facts. Scientific integrity compels a man to find out the facts about the issue which you yourself admit to be the one chief issue of the game of life.”

Read the Book or quit mushing out the boneyard diet which some Pudding Head Wilson of a teacher has been deftly pushing into the empty pigeon holes of our mouths and heads as parrot-like passwords.

“Of course the scientific test shows this, rather than that,” is the line of the pseudo-intellectual.

“The preponderance of evidence seems to leave to the modern rejection of this spurious interpolation,” is another drift.

Therefore, I conclude—often sesqui-pedalian words are used by abecedarian minds.

“A man may know all about the rocks, and his heart remain as hard as they; he may know all about the winds, and be the sport of passions as fierce as they; he may know all about

the stars, and be as a meteor, whose end, after a brief and brilliant career, is to be quenched in eternal night; he may know all about the sea, and his soul resemble its troubled waters, which cannot rest.

“A man may know how to rule the elements, yet not know how to rule his own spirit; he may know how to turn aside the flashing thunderbolt, but not the wrath of God from his own guilty head. He may have all the knowledge of a Newton, a LaPlace, a Watt; he may know many mysteries and understand many hidden things, but if he has no personal knowledge of the love of God, brought near to sinful men in Christ, what shall it avail?”

It is nearly midnight—my first year—my third year at college. At last I have been able to buy a rug for my room—a gorgeous red couch cover for my bed—a soft-colored shade for my oil lamp and I sit in an easy chair—handed down through five generations of college widowers—to me.

Under the lamp light I read aloud, my best self and the revered presence of the Father, and the Son and the Spirit having a moment of quiet acquaintance at the close of a stu-

dent's day. I read aloud the words of Jesus from the Modern Reader's New Testament: "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven—Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness—Blessed are the meek—Ye are the light of the world—If thy right hand offend thee, cut it off—Love your enemies, bless them that curse you—When ye pray, say: 'Our Father who art in Heaven'—Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth—Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and his righteousness—Enter ye in at the straight gate—Beware of false prophets—Wherefore by their fruits ye shall know them."

"Everyone therefore which heareth these words of mine, and doeth them, shall be likened unto a wise man, who built his house upon a rock; and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell not: for it was founded upon a rock. And everyone that heareth these words of mine, and doeth them not, shall be likened unto a foolish man, who built his house upon the sand; and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds

blew, and smote upon that house; and it fell; and great was the fall thereof."

The words in simplest and yet perfect accumulative force have impressed themselves upon my spirit, and I am exalted with enthusiasm over this Book's message to me.

I close the Book, the room is suffused with a soft gentle glow of light, and a sense of the great presence of God has covered me like a warm mantle and I fall asleep under the cover of his wings.

POETRY IN THE SCHOOL OF COMMERCE

The literary geniuses, chosen to present the biggest ideas to the world, wrote the Bible, nearly always in the poetry of thought and diction of the oriental mind.

The first chapter of Genesis, doubtless written by Moses, presents a scheme of creation in accord with modern scholarship and the new learning from beginning to end, if read in the knowledge that the literary artist wrote always with figures.

The Mona Lisa stands in the forefront of the field of art because of its universal appeal—

universal womanhood—universal widowhood—universal intrigue—the timeless treachery of that smile! the strategy of trading in all the markets and bazaars of all lands that were and all that ever shall be—all, make the race of men to stand before the Mona Lisa, as I have recently stood again in the Louvre, to hear the tramp of the actors in a world drama pass before the gaze, lured by the charm of the lady's smile. In the school of commerce the picture is worth perhaps one dollar and eighty-seven cents, but passed on into the touch of the school that sees beyond the facts, it is a priceless masterpiece of art.

Why should Moses be compelled to make mistakes he never dreamed of making? Moses never said a day was twenty-four hours long, and so the myth about the first chapter of Genesis, fifth verse, "And the evening and the morning were the first day," coming before we had the sun, (fourth verse) vanishes away when we understand that Moses was recording the outline of the process which science accepts as being accurate. Dr. R. A. Torrey quotes from Lord Kelvin's private letter: "Physical science has nothing to say against the order of crea-

LIBRARY
SOUTHERN BAPTIST COLLEGE
WALNUT RIDGE, ARK.

P1070

tion as given in Genesis," and Professor James D. Dana of Yale: "One reason why he believed the Bible to be the Word of God was because of the marvelous accord of the order of creation given in Genesis with that worked out by the best scientific investigation."

Moses causes light (third verse) to be called into the glory of radiance before God created the sun and moon (verse 16) but Boardman, in "Creative Week" says, "Why will the Academy note Moses a blunderer for declaring that light existed before the sun appeared, and yet vote La Place a scientist for affirming precisely the same thing." La Place had affirmed that in the molecular and chemical changes necessary to the creation of the heavens and the earth out of chaos, floods of suffusing light must have filled the universe.

"The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanses us from all sin," is a rich and precious truth. But in the school of the stockyards it becomes gruesome and crass.

"The tears of Abraham Lincoln saved the Union," is a glorious bit of poetic conception to both Northerner and Southerner. But in the school of Elemental Physics it is thought

that the actual tears of the great president were perhaps caught and frozen and hurled from spring guns against the enemy to annihilate the soldiers that fought to maintain the doctrine of the States' Sovereignty.

"The fourteen points of Woodrow Wilson won back the world its lost liberties," is still a truth to rally our hopes for a world brotherhood. But in the schools of Military Tactics and the Philosophy of War these points assume rapier-like keenness, set defiant in the trenches, pointing out to the enemies' advance—which stopped the impact of their charge upon their pitiless points, and so the army was slain!

"The Germans cut off the breasts of young women," is a sentence which stirs the pulse. "The surgeon cut off the breasts of young women," is a sentence teeming with the chivalry and miracle of modern surgery to save life. The back-ground, my dear student, the historic setting, the oriental environment, the reverent mind, the guidance of the Holy Spirit, all change the Bible from the scorned superficial to the majesty of the supernatural.

There is a scholarship which is thoroughgoing, and there is a scholarship which means four years of fooling the old folks back at home.

THE BODY GUARD IN THE JUNGLE

The British Government once cabled their governor of the Zulu natives for his opinion as to the best way to convince the Zulus of Britain's power. "Kill them," he answered, "that is the only thing they can understand." But David Livingstone went into the jungle without a body guard, and when they found him with his massive head in his hands dead beside his couch in the heart of Africa, near the head waters of the Nile, he had taught the natives that the Bible dismisses body guards and makes the black men of the jungle a generation of gentlemen.

Charles Darwin has left a lasting testimonial to the transforming powers of the religion of the Bible. In his voyage on the "Beagle," 1831-36, when he made his observation of species, he reported that all people could be civilized excepting the impossible natives of Tierra del Fuego. In 1867 he wrote Sir James

Sullivan admitting that the Bible and the missionary had subdued the jungle. He voluntarily sent a contribution to the British Foreign Missionary Society and commended the miracle of religious transformation.

Father Hyacenthe, a Roman Catholic priest, said in an address at Lyons, France, "The Germans whipped the Austrians because they carried a Bible in their knapsacks; and they lost to France because they each had a copy of Nietzsche."

Schleiermacher in the University of Berlin cried, "This Book contains more of value and interest to humanity than all the library of antiquity put together."

Thomas Jefferson, liberal in all his religious views, speaks of the Bible's transforming power, "I always have said, and always will say, that the studious perusal of the sacred volume will make better citizens, better fathers and better husbands."

Andrew Jackson, Old Hickory, dying at the Hermitage, looked up at the picture of his devoutly Christian wife and said, "I believe the Word of God."

Theodore Roosevelt, typical American, commended Bible reading, "Almost every man who has by his life work added to the sum of human achievement of which the race is proud, of which our people are proud, almost every such man has based his life work upon the teachings of the Bible."

William E. Gladstone, England's foremost statesman, said, "I have known ninety-five great men of the world, in my time, and of these eighty-seven were all followers of the Bible."

John Ruskin: "Read your Bible. To my early knowledge of the Bible, I owe the best part of my taste in literature."

Jean Jacques Rousseau, French free thinker, "I must confess to you that the majesty of the scriptures astonishes me."

John Wesley, sainted apostle of the world's greatest revival, "At any price give me the Word of God! I have it: here is enough knowledge for me. Let me be a man of one Book."

A Brahmin of South India: "of one thing I am convinced, that, do with it what we will, oppose it as we may, it is the Christian's Bible

that will sooner or later work out the regeneration of our land."

St. Augustine, foremost leader of the early church of the fourth century: "A whole Bible for my staff, a whole Christ for my salvation, a whole church for my fellowship, and a whole world for my parish."

One of the most graphic stories I ever heard came from Mr. Guile about his capture by an African tribe in the jungle. "I was caught with my rifle strapped to my side and led behind a barricade where great native warriors, fifty or more, held their spears alert to cast them; further on I was led behind a second barrier and I began to resent such unfair odds. Other warriors lay, pretending to sleep, upon their arms. Still deeper into my captivity they led me within still another defense and more soldiers glared upon me, until now I stood in the hut of the chief of the tribe and lying upon their spears feigning sleep again were the body guard of the king. Then they brought out the poison bag. It was the instrument of death to all prisoners and in it were the poison points which pricked the wrist and insured slow and painful agony of death. I felt that if ever a

lone man surrounded, overwhelmed in numbers, had a right to defend his life, with his rifle, it was I, and while I waited in such suspense, one of the native executioners thrust his hand into the poison bag and drew out—three leaves of the New Testament and the Chief gave me his hand and said, 'The Book has made us brothers.'

"A few days after this occurrence I was in the jungle alone and spied a native warrior with his lance a short distance away behind a fallen tree. We saw each other at the same moment and were both on the watch for a sinister move when I called to him, 'Do you know Jesus Christ?' and calling softly back, the black man answered, 'Yes, I know him.' "

And side by side through the twilight, with no need of a body guard, the missionary walked with his brother, through the forest, home.

And the Book dismisses the body guard of the world's jungle, while the savage and the stranger make their way through the shadows, home!

ANALYSIS

The author has shown that the Bible is the best of all books. It does not need a defender. It seeks honorable readers. Stock criticisms, put into the mouths of students, are unworthy their acceptance without first proving by study. The Bible makes liberal use of poetry and its glorious figures must not be interpreted as commonplace prose. The wealth of the world's wisdom shows the Bible transforms the need of a body guard among savages to a real brotherhood.

QUESTIONS

1. What are the three sub-heads of the chapter, "The Best Book Yet"?
2. Put in your own words the quotation about the wrong kinds of learning.
3. Quote three high commendations of the Bible by three great men.

THE CANNON AND THE CROSS

IV

THE CANNON AND THE CROSS

After twenty-five years of student life, I stood on the cave-scarred hill, known as Golgotha.

It was Calvary—the place of the Cross. The ruin of a gun placement was on its crest—the place of the cannon—a Cannon and a Cross—the Crescent and the Christ—Calvary and Cruelty—were there, side by side.

These two,—the Cross, with its quiet sceptre of love transforming civilization slowly, and Cruelty,—and the Cannon,—with its accompanying scimitar, ruthless and fanatical, the symbol of force in subduing the powers that rule over men—these two have had their trials, the Cross for twenty centuries, the Crescent for fifteen, and I am a disciple of the Cross—I believe that love only can change the hearts of men and the Cross became to me in five

minutes of imagination and emotion, an experience which henceforth, vivid and unchanging, will serve for me the basis of hope for a final parliament of man—a new Federation of the World.

We had been down in the valley of the Jordan where the summer heat often surpasses in unbearable humidity any other in the world—the Valley of the River Jordan, where Israel began, where Joshua began, where Elisha began, where John the Baptist began and Jesus began, is the deepest gash in the bosom of the earth. We came climbing up again in our motor cars to Jerusalem and to Calvary.

My friend of many years went with me into an empty tomb. There were three graves—two never used. The ordinary sepulchre in Palestine like to this one will contain from fifteen to thirty graves. Here was a rich man's—Joseph of Arimathea's—tomb—and one grave used, and that the grave of Christ—and empty. Leaving the tomb to climb by a frail ladder the hill of Golgotha, my dear friend said in an ecstasy, "I am so grateful that the tomb is empty." Jesus rose. He lives. His truth is marching on.

Now on the hill of the Cross we stood. I was strangely wearied and for a moment leaning beside a wall of heavy masonry, I perhaps fainted—or something happened—the world faded away for a moment, and,

Beneath the Cross of Jesus I fain would take
my stand
The shadow of a mighty rock within a weary
land
A home within the wilderness, a rest along the
way
From the burning of the mid-day heat and the
burden of the day.

Under the spell of the great moment I saw a crowd surrounding the city. It was the Passover of the centuries gone. Black tents of goats' hair and white tents of new washed wool—robes of crimson—of blue—of scarlet and purple and white—a half million pilgrims for the Passover, moving like the iridescent waves of a rainbowed sea, and then through the Damascus Gate came a shouting, wild, clamorous throng, crying, "Crucify him, Crucify him," and a man with a face marred more than any man came, jostled, pushed, ill-treated and fell,

with his face lunging into the stones and the silt and the streets of the sorrowful way—the *Via Dolorosa* of Jesus.

And a woman ran—tradition calls her Saint Veronica—and gently brushed away the dust and grime and wiped the sweat and tears and clotting blood from the face of the fallen man, while the crowd, impatient of the weakened cross-bearer, lifted him and pushed him on—while a swarthy Cyrenian bore, unwillingly, the heavy cross.

They were soon beside me, the crowd before me, around me, and Jesus they place on a table already prepared for the victim of the day's crucifixion, and the big Roman drives a nail through Jesus' hand, and through the other, and through his feet, and the cross bearing the body of Jesus is rudely dropped into its hole to stand upright, and the crucifixion was re-enacted before my wondering eyes—as I stood for these minutes beneath the shadow of the cross.

LOVE—LONELINESS—LIFE

Entranced, I waited while the vision broke into three words of glowing flame, dropped

from above me, linked together, and they were the words that interpret to my own experience the meaning of this death of Jesus on the Cross. The words were, Love—Loneliness—Life.

The Cross to me is the expression in time of the love which always has been in the heart of God. The Cross is the interpretation of the loneliness of a man with a passion still pursued, yet unrealized. The Cross is the dedication of the life to an imperishable deed.

And words were spoken—the seven words of the Cross came slowly, tenderly and grouped themselves about these, three shining words:

LOVE

“Father forgive them, for they know not what they do”—love forgiving.

“This day thou shalt be with me in paradise,”—love assuring life everlasting.

“Woman, behold thy son; behold thy mother”—love committing womanhood to the care of Christianity.

LONELINESS

"My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"—the loneliness of an unrealized ideal.

"I thirst"—the loneliness of a wearied humanity.

LIFE

"It is finished"—the dedication of a life to an irrevocable, unstinted task.

"Into thy hands, I commend my spirit"—a life committed to a completed and perfect service.

"FATHER FORGIVE THEM"

The Cross makes the forgiveness of sins visible to me. While dying of pangs not of his own guilt or sins, Jesus says, "Father forgive his sins" and my pangs are his pangs on the cross. It was very real to me that in some way the penalty for my guilty soul was on the cross where Jesus hung. I understand sinning, stranded, straying humanity better when I recall the Cross. "Forgive them," is all inclusive. One of my dear friends was lost in No Man's Land in France—The roads were ploughed

by the shells of war into a mass of tangled earth. Bewildered, he found a cross—a crucifix and he exclaimed, “Here at the foot of this crucifix are the crossroads; I will sit here until the morning, for at daybreak French peasants will come to worship, and they will show me the way home through the obscure night.” “And,” he continued, “in this day of tangled, tragic, troubled faith, I take my place again at the foot of the Cross, and I know the morning light will guide me safely home.”

“THIS DAY IN PARADISE”

“This day thou shalt be with me in paradise,” I heard from the lips of the Crucified, and love guaranteed the life beyond in paradise. I went swiftly on wings back to a hospital bed. I wiped away the death-dew on my father’s face. He whispered to me, “I am over the hill and I am in the valley,” and he went on home by the way of the Cross. “This day thou shalt be with me in paradise.” And my mother is now passing through the shadows with the comfort of a Shepherd walking beside her in the gloom, and she says, “I am not afraid, It is all right.” “This day thou shalt

be with me." And my frail brother, crumpling under a long illness turns and says, "If this is dying, it's a very pleasant thing," and, with silver sandals, and the fog in his face, and the mist on the river, he walks to the shore and embarks in a boat which journeys by this hill where I stood, "And this day he is in paradise." The Cross assures that love can never die, and the paradise of God awaits those who are going home.

"SON, BEHOLD THY MOTHER"

And a handsome disciple, with chivalry attends a bowing, weeping mother, and I heard Jesus say, "Son, behold thy mother." The care of womanhood had been cast upon his gentle disciple—and all his disciples. No woman ever beat the back of Jesus with a scourge. No woman ever pierced his hands with iron; nor thrust his side with a spear; ever pressed the crown of cutting thorns into his brow or spit upon his face. Women wept for him, women wiped his marred face and a society of women offered an anaesthetic upon a sponge to deaden his pains. Jesus stooped with love and lifted womanhood from the harem to the home,

from the depths to the heights that humans may attain. Womankind never mistreated Jesus in the flesh. And the disciples of Jesus shall never fulfil his mission for womanhood given to them on the Cross so long as a whisk of smoke lifts from a funeral pyre of a child widow of India, or so long as a woman's foot is bound in China, or the Mohammedan veils his woman's face to mark her inferiority to man.

Hear the wail of a Mohammedan woman, translated from the Persian:

“Less than the dust beneath thy chariot wheel,
Less than the rust that never stained thy
sword,
Less than the trust thou hast in me, my lord,
Even less than these!

“Less than the weed that grows beside thy
door,
Less than the speed of hours spent far from
thee,
Less than the need thou hast in life for me,
Even less am I.

“Since I, my lord, am nothing unto thee,
See here thy sword, I make it keen and bright,

Love's last reward—Death comes to me to-
night,
Farewell, Zahirudin."

"WHY HAST THOU FORSAKEN ME?"

Jesus suffered on the Cross. I saw the darkness and the suffering in a moment. He, of all mankind, was God-forsaken—God abandoned—isolated from God—aloof—marooned, and he cried, "Why, why—why hast thou forsaken me?" There is no explanation; but so really did the fact of the lonely Christ suffering, become a part of my experience at the foot of the Cross, I was stunned for the while and overcome with the fellowship of his sufferings. "Why?" is the cry of a lonely heart with a passion still pursued and unpossessed. "Why?" is the cry of a father's heart when Absalom rebels against David. "Why, O Absalom, my son?"—love unrequited. "Why?" is the cry of Woodrow Wilson, lonely-hearted statesman, sitting in Washington, who so long bore the burdens of humanity upon his back that at last it broke. The idealist with tragic rejection of his ideal understands the loneliness of Jesus on the Cross and heartens

thereby. A husband lies here on the bed wounded with a bullet shot by his wife. He says to me, "Please visit her in her grey cell and tell her I forgive all, I love her much, I bear no anger, I bear the pain, the shame, the suffering of it all, for her hot anger, and sin, and folly. Ask her only to come back with a heart changed with love!" "Eli, Eli, Lama Sabachthani." "My God, my God, Why" is the cry of the Cross in its loneliness which calls sinning humanity back to love.

"I THIRST."

I have thirsted but once. It was at this moment when I saw the crucifixion. The dry lips, the drawn face, the sunken eyes, the tortured body, called out of loneliness and weariness of the flesh, "I thirst."

Soldiers know what I heard and saw, and within my inner self, I felt. A print of a horse's hoof in France! Full to the brim with blood and mud and filth and a soldier stops and drinks it all! They know what loneliness of body, the "thirst" of Jesus on the Cross, must have expressed.

“I shan’t forgit the night
When I dropped be’ind the fight
With a bullet where my belt-plate should ‘a
been.

I was chokin’ mad with thirst,
And the man that spied me first
Was our good old grinnin’, gruntin’ Gunga
Din.

E’ lifted up my ‘ead,
An’ ‘e plugged me where I bled,
An’ ‘e guv me ‘arf-a-pint o’ water—green:
It was crawlin’ and it stunk,
But of all the drinks I’ve drunk
I’m gratefulest to one from Gunga Din.

“It was ‘Din! Din! Din!
‘Ere’s a beggar with a bullet through ‘is
spleen;
‘E’s chawin’ up the ground an’ ‘e’s kickin’
all around:
For Gawd’s sake git the water, Gunga Din!”

“ ‘E carried me away
To where a dooli lay,
An’ a bullet come an’ drilled the beggar clean.
‘E put me safe inside,
An’ just before ‘e died:
‘I ‘ope you liked your drink,’ sez Gunga Din.
So I’ll meet ‘im later on

In the place where 'e is gone—
Where it's always double drill and no can-
teen;
'E'll be squattin' on the coals
Givin' drink to pore damned souls,
An' I'll get a swig in Hell from Gunga Din!

"Din! Din! Din!
You Lazarushian-leather Gunga Din!
Tho' I've belted you an' flayed you,
By the living Gawd that made you,
You're a better man than I am, Gunga Din!"

A British poet and a British soldier, Rudyard Kipling, portrays an Indian servant to the army seeking in the moments of tragic torment to squat on burning coals to slack a human thirst. The loneliness of the soul thirsting has its parallel on the Cross.

"IT IS FINISHED"

The Cross is the unreserved committal of oneself to a life of service. Any life which dedicates itself completely to its task may write upon its frontispiece, "It is finished." Before a student is twenty-one, his life may be committed to a finished plan of service to God and

man. David Brainard, crying, "Let me burn out for God," and Henry Martyn's prayer, "O God, make me an unusual Christian," and Count Zinzendorf saying, "I have but one passion, it is he, it is he!" Each wrote long before his death the finished program of a life of service—the program of the Cross. I was dressed in white clothes at the foot of the Cross. A black flowing scarf fell over my heart, white-washed in the blood of the Lamb—but a trail of limping humanity still in my soul. But I, too, entered into a new dedication of my life to a finished program irrevocable—beyond recall. A snatch of song kept ringing in my heart, a melody I could not recall and only when I returned to my library did I find these words:

"My life, my love I give to thee,
Thou Lamb of God, who died for me:
Oh, may I ever faithful be,
My Saviour and my God!

"O thou who died on Calvary,
To save my soul and make me free:
I'll consecrate my life to thee,
My Saviour and my God!"

"INTO THY HANDS I COMMEND MY SPIRIT"

Jesus was nearing death. A sense of his going to his Father possessed his soul. His humanity was homesick and he waved his hand of greeting to his Father's home. "I am coming home, into thy hands I commend my spirit." A tired man, turning home to find a rest in his Father's house. The twilight has its charm! It touches the city's streets with silvered finger tips of the arc lights on every corner and the tide of men turn themselves home. From the long trail of twenty thousand miles I came back to the soft summer winds, sighing through the cedar tree in my front yard, to the fig bush and the fruiting trees.

My wife met me at the pier in New York Harbor. I had guessed she would be there. At the landing of the big ship, pushing through the haze and the smoke of the harbor, many faces turned to greet those they loved who had traveled long. A screen of smoke from the steamer and the smaller craft fell over the eager groups, those who waited and those who were coming home—and the obscure blanket of black smoke hindered our vision for a while,

but when the pall had lifted and the sun had lighted the faces again, I saw a face above all faces dear to me smiling a welcome home!

“Into thy hands I commend my spirit.” The Cross commends the life that now is to the life unending beyond the sunless seas and to the fulfillment of all that faith has sought: On the other shore I shall greet the beatified face I saw on the Cross.

“ ’Tis the weakness in strength, that I cry for!
my flesh that I seek
In the God-head! I seek and I find it—

“A face like my face that receives thee; a man
like to me
Thou shalt love and be loved by, forever: A
hand like this hand
Shall throw open the gates of new life to thee!
See the Christ stand!”

ANALYSIS

This chapter is the recital of an experience. And after all arguments are made, an experience is often most convincing. The message of the Cross is told as an experimental fact.

QUESTIONS

1. What is the significance of a cannon on Mount Calvary?
2. What sentence of the author most nearly expresses your own interpretation of the message of the Cross?
3. Do you believe that love will finally conquer force? Why?

MAKING MUTTON HEADS

V

MAKING MUTTON HEADS

A college course means four years of education and one year of information.

A Bachelor of Arts starts out to conquer the world with one good year's usable information. After graduation he begins to stumble into finding his real self and soon discovers that he is only one year farther advanced than when he left high school. I have found almost a unanimous verdict to the effect that a student gets permanent possession of more real education while at high school than he does at college. A college education furnishes him with methods of study—which he begins to put into practical usage when he begins to sell life insurance, or to fit shoes on women, or when he begins to measure the widths of country roads, or maybe manages the sales department of Dad's country grocery. In some cases a bright col-

lege graduate is hustled off to a little town of two thousand bored and innocent souls to teach chemistry, or mathematics, or athletics, or the Bible, or to learn the awkward gait of a gentleman principal. But, of course, all of us were mutton heads, pure and simple, the first year out of college, with an honorable task our portion and only one year of real information with which to undertake it.

The poor mutton head of a college graduate who does not discover that he has three years of scantling, and shell, and veneer about the actual learning that he has absorbed, is doomed to be the laughing stock of a cruel, calculating world, whose solemn verdict declares that a mutton head who does not know he is a mutton head is a—buffoon!

THE LILLIPUTIAN FRATERNITY

This is the fraternity which the mutton head invariably joins. The secret grip is a thumb jauntily thrust into the armholes of the vest; the symbol, a squint of the eyes, affected to the proportion of enlargement of the individual head, and the sign which admits to the inner

secret of the fraternity room is the vogue of laughing the great Big Idea out of the minds of reverent youth.

No physician dares practice upon the delicate structure of a human body unless he has four years of professional schooling, and a year or two of hospital internism—and he then treads softly as he touches first the human form, but the purveyor of psychology or the four-year ready-made philosopher, or the Boy Scout brand of a biologist, steps blithely into a community with the bag still in his breeches, and the clutter of the classroom still confusing his dishevelled mind, and informs the world that all of the old ideas of God, and Hell and Satan and Sin and a Saviour, and religion, especially, are lowly and simple impressions out of which the old folks get some comfort, but for which there are no thoroughgoing or trustworthy scientific bases, and the mutton head has joined the well-organized Lilliputian Fraternity.

Is it not a great thing to see a prince of a professor—a big man—maybe able to be a leader of some great commercial enterprise and who could be easily “making his pile” in other

lines of life, dedicated to the task of making a college campus a campus for Christ?

"A campus drenched with and dedicated with the tears of Christian teachers gets my boy," spoke a college president.

The other type of a professor is just a commonplace teacher that is making as much money in the teaching profession as he would be able to make in diamond mining. He gets all he is worth. But the real diamond king is the Mark Hopkins or the Thomas Arnold who is making scintillating diamonds from the roughs who come out of the virgin soils that we call plain homes.

Look at Browning's school boys with one of these princes on their shoulders, bearing him away to the topmost peak, a dead grammarian, alive forever in the living speech he has discovered:

"Seek we sepulchre

On a tall mountain, citied to the top,

Crowded with culture!

All the peaks soar, but one the rest excels:

This is our master, famous, calm and dead,
Borne on our shoulders."

He was a scholar who had rediscovered the grammar of the Greek Language in the Revival of Learning, after Constantinople had fallen and the manuscripts of the Greeks were landing on the ships which the invention of gunpowder had made free argosies to be carriers of the old learning to the padlocked mind of the Europe of the Dark Ages. But the plodding professor with a heavenly light on his face sought the task of rediscovering the lost grammar to be found in the obscure manuscripts.

“Let the world mind him!

This (man) throws himself on God, and unperplexed

Seeking, shall find him.”

“So with the throttling hands of death at strife, ground he at grammar!” Can there be found a man anywhere bigger than a great teacher of youth?

But a teacher who rides his professional ponies—sold to him by a special privilege—who walks on the crutches furnished him by the credentials of a university degree, who as

a Lilliputian parades as a mental Gulliver—without the goods—sans normality, sans commonsense, sans gentle, thorough-going culture and courtesy, sans everything, is at once the scandal and the nemesis of the educational world—altogether in the minority—and at the regular business of unsettling the searcher after a high-heavened idea; he seeks to lure him down to the level of the little gods that shape themselves out of the smoke and intellectual hoax of some Bohemian hovel.

THE CLANNISH INQUISITION

The first great shock I received as a student was hearing a professor blurt out with a cruel brusqueness: “You don’t believe God made a man like a child makes a mud pie, out of the dust of the ground and then blew the breath of his nose into it and called it man, do you?”

I had troubled sleep that night. Nobody ever had tried to make me think independently and responsibly about *how* God had done what the Bible says he did. Maybe the only way to get me to want to sleep with a Bible under my pillow the rest of my days was for some learned professor to throw the Bible into a sewer, for

then my inherited reverence for the "Sacred Totem" (a phrase which I was laughed into thinking was smart)—would have spurred me to leap into its slime only to get back the book again—untainted by the sacrilege.

Well—he may as well have thrown the Bible into the sewer, for try as I may for twenty-five years, I have not been able to pledge myself to bury this professor in a sepulchre very much above "the common crofts safe in the bosom of the plain."

Under a concerted and clannish inquisition by the nimble and intellectual bulldozing coterie of such teachers, I was hobbled in my efforts to find the highest by their ridicule and disdaining askance, as I studied hard and, by chance, always won without a failure the merit of passing marks in my efforts.

In ten years I found many of the wise laughs, that I thought were the heights of intellectual brilliance, were based on the sense of having fallen into a soft professorship after doing only moderately well in the professor's first high and holy calling. An irreverent sneer is always a good counterfeit for youthful failures!

Once I sat in a club in a metropolitan city and I asked one of my professors of fifteen years before, "What do you think of the Book of Revelation, is it historical solely, or historical and prophetical?" "Historical," he said to me, quickly. "And how do you account for the figures and visions that John wrote?" I asked. "He'd been eating too much cabbage, the night before," he said to me again, quite as quickly. "Certainly, I hope, he was joking."

I think never a month has passed since that time that I have not sighed as I think about his answer. The students of Browning's Grammarian cried:

"Leave me to the common crofts, the vulgar
thorpes—
Leave me the unlettered plain, its herd and
crop."

"Here's the top peak; the multitude below
Live, for they can, there."

Once I would have trudged with the corpse
of some of my professors to their place:

"Where meteors shoot, clouds form,
Lightnings are loosened,
Stars come and go!"

And to think they live, for they can, in the
plains!

It has been for a long, long time, a sardonic habit, for quibbling, half-sage, glossing scholarship to huddle in a clan and laugh and cow into embarrassment the student who happens to have a pious reverence for the teaching of home and church in the first two decades of his life. These high, clean, eager, unsophisticated, genuine wholesome youths, coming to the schools for the first time with no more conceit other than average humans—or professors—often are dragooned into confusing lightheadedness in a professorial chair for liberality in thought; and cynicism for Christian character. Oscar Wilde said, "A cynic is one who knows the price of everything and the value of nothing!"

Of course a student must be made to think independently, and fearlessly even, if he has to be shocked into it, but academic freedom includes the student's right to reject error and

ought never to stop short of granting to the student also the right to say at the end of a course of study: "You have tried for four years to laugh me out of the main idea in life, but you have grinned yourself into a sepulchre that we will seek for you in the swamps."

THE REVERENCE OF YOUTH

Whatever else one may say of the age in which we find ourselves seeking destiny, there will be none to glorify it by calling it a reverent age. Yet its youth is reverent. Never has been born a generation but that its youth was reverent always.

It is youth with its lost charm that rushes into flippancy. Young men begin life with all of its nobilities teeming. The touch of a virgin's hand is a sacrilege to a clean youth before the coarse fibre deadens the soul. Truth is God to reverent youth and never ceases to be divine, even to old age. The hidden secrets of nature are approached with feet covered with sandals of wool—soft and gentle is the touch of the hand of youth upon the mysteries of the discernible.

It is learning in the irreverent hands of youth grown to a mustache and a professorship that is the trial of the educational world.

Here is Peter, the rugged and John the gentle; Peter the impressive, and John the inspired; they rush to the empty tomb of Jesus to seek the truth about the risen Lord. Old age rushes, scrambling, unhesitant, irreverently into the sepulchre, but says the narrative of John, the younger—"He saw the linen clothes lying; yet went he not in." Reverent youth hesitates in the presence of the holy and true. Old age grows callous furrows in the brain, along which slip impertinent and facile folly.

It is a great question of education as to whether morals can be taught by a study of a text-book on morals. One may be able to teach some book of Ethics, while he himself is an empty sounding board. L. P. Jacks in *The Alchemy of Thought* points out the peril of "Moral Science" taught by text-books. The Good Samaritan finds that Lesson No. 1, says: "Succor those in distress." Lesson No. 37: "Have no dealings with Jews." But there lies a Jew in distress. Religion lifts the soul at

once over the rules to service and love and sacrifice.

"There is nothing so dangerous as knowledge, because there is nothing so powerful; and any knowledge imparted otherwise than as a means of helping the taught to live and let live is a menace to the safety and well-being of the human race. This is nothing else than to say that all education which is definitely controlled by a human life purpose is moral; all that lacks it is immoral."

Thus youth is the time when every pulse beat carries with its throb the quiver of the universe; when every star at night is a window looking into the face of infinity, and every fact that rises before the mind of youth is a rosy day dawn which beckons youth to walk in sober flights of imagination as a daily companion of God, the one big idea in all his thoughts.

I saw again last year on the walls of the National Art Gallery George Clausen's painting, "The Girl at the Gate." It is a scene where a cottage is set in a scented garden on the side of a sweet rustic lane. The old father with a spade of toil and a pensive mother,

watching the country girl, with a blue checked cotton dress and white apron, fill up the picture with thoughts. The girl stands looking anxiously down the road which leads from the cottage gate to nobody knows where—maybe to a housewife's home at the other end of the rainbow of dreams—maybe to the whirling wheels of a machine in a factory in the smoking city which lures youth to the fortune of at least a living; maybe the bells of the village school are calling the slow brain to brisk hope, and still maybe motherhood calls through the open gate for youth to embellish mankind with gifts and sweetest charities; well—it is certain the girl at the gate hungers for a bigger world, and a dream come true, and reverently she would enter in to possess her land of vision.

But the old mother and father of the poor cottage make the background of all her charms—and the girl at the gate has discovered the old folks at home to be true, and good, and reverently—she remembers.

Play fair, Professor!

ANALYSIS

The author shows that the burden of presenting truth to the reverent student lies upon the teacher and his desire for honesty of presentation of facts, both new and old. The student, with a native reverence, demands independence in thinking, and he knows that a thing is not necessarily true because it is new, or false simply because it is old.

QUESTIONS

1. Does a student complete his education in four years? Describe briefly two types of professors.
2. What is Browning's idea of a great teacher?
3. What is the student's side of academic freedom?
4. What is the lesson in the "Girl at the Gate"?

Ow2p

268
Ow2p

P1070

Owen, William Russell
Play Fair Professor



P9-DZK-245

